

P O E M S

B Y

MR. GRAY.

P A R M A

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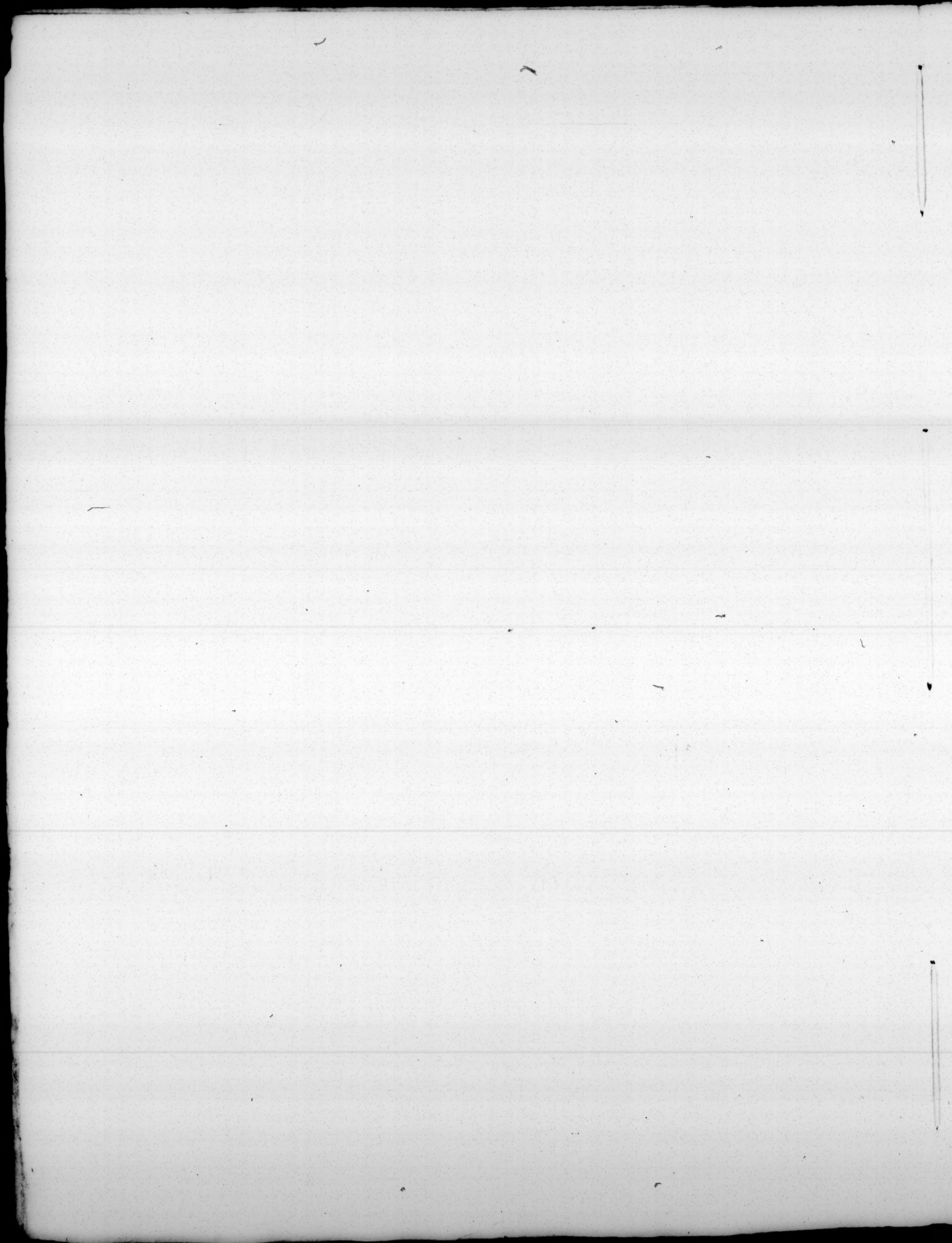
TO THE MOST NOBLE,
AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

FREDERICK HERVEY
EARL OF BRISTOL

AND

BISHOP OF DERRY

AN ENLIGHTENED LOVER OF LETTERS,
A GENEROUS PATRON OF THE ARTS,
AND A PASSIONATE ADMIRER OF THE POET.



My Lord,

I shall ever remember with pleasure the instruction I receiv'd from your Lordship's most learned conversation during the short time you staid at Parma to admire the inimitable works of the divine Corregio.

But I feel with the deepest impression of gratitude your spontaneous offer to be my Augustus, should cruel Fate deprive me of

*my Moccenas, the Chevalier Az-
zara, who was then dangerously
ill.*

*May Heaven preserve for ma-
ny, many Years the precious life
of my most liberal Protector!*

*In the mean time, to your
Lordship I consecrate this slender
production of my press as a mark
of Respect, Veneration and pro-
found Gratitude,*

My Lord,

*Your most obedient
and humble Servant
J. B. BODONI.*

A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
M.^R GRAY.

M.^R THOMAS GRAY, the subject of this memoir, was born in Cornhill⁽¹⁾, the twenty-sixth day of December 1716. His grandfather had been a considerable merchant; but his father, Mr. Philip Gray, exercised the trade of a money-scrivener; and being

(1) A street in the City of London so called.

of an indolent disposition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not, however, the education of his son, whom he sent to Eton school; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Horace Walpole, who is at present so distinguished in the republick of letters; and with Mr. Richard West, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr. Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner of St. Peter's College. Mr. West

went to study in Christ-Church College at Oxford; and these ingenious friends now commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their respective universities, when they turned their attention to the study of the law; and with that view, they went to London in the year 1738. Mr. West took chambers in the Inner Temple; but Mr. Gray being invited by

Mr. Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a science, which, surely, did not suit either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from visiting France and Italy, was doubtless very great. But the pleasure arising from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the disagreement which arose between him and Mr. Walpole. Their dispositions were different. The pensive and philosophical turn of the former, did not well agree with the gaiety and liveliness of the latter. They had set

out in the end of the year 1739, and they parted at Reggio in the year 1741. Many years, however, did not pass till a reconciliation was produced between them, by the intervention and kind offices of a lady, who had a friendship for both.

On Mr. Gray's return to London ⁽¹⁾, he found his father altogether wasted with the severe attacks of the gout, to which he had long been subject. Two months afterwards he lost him, and succeeded to a scanty patrimony. The intention he had

(1) September 1741.

formed, of studying the law as a profession, began now to be shaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpose, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneasiness, by too sudden a declaration of the state of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his Batchelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had passed in his travels, the intense labour required by the study of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowness of his fortune, estranged him from a design, which per-

haps he had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the sickness of Mr. West, who had some time languished in a consumption; and who, in June 1742, in the⁷ twentysixth year of his age, fell an unsuspecting victim to this distemper.

A short time before this cruel event, Mr. Gray had gone to visit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the

Spring. And it is not impossible, but a presage of what was to happen, occasioned the interesting melancholy which reigns in it. His regrets it is easier to conceive than to describe; and they seem immediately to have given birth to a very tender sonnet in English, in the manner of Petrarch, and to a noble apostrophe in Latin, which he intended as the introduction to one of his books, *De principiis cogitandi* ⁽¹⁾. It is also worthy of observation, that within three months after Mr. West's death,

(1) See his Memoirs by Mr. Mason.

he appears to have composed the Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his sorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to these delightful poems; and the reader of sensibility, who peruses them under this impression, will find an additional charm in them.

The genius of Mr. Gray, which was averse from the mechanism and toil of business, joined to his passion for study and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free access to many valuable libraries. From the

winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the seat of his residence; and he was seldom absent from it, except on occasional visits to his mother, and during that period ⁽¹⁾, when, on the opening of the British Museum, he took lodgings in Southampton Row, for the purpose of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuscripts.

It was not till the year 1750, that he put the last hand to his much-celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr. Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it,

(1) Between the years 1759 and 1762.

communicated it in manuscript to many persons of distinction, who failed not to feel for and to bestow on the author the admiration and applause he so justly merited. In this polite and fashionable circle was Lady Cobham, who wishing much to be acquainted with Mr. Gray, procured this pleasure, by the means of her relation Miss Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The history of this incident, the circumstances of which were somewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, = *A Long Story* =. Of this piece the humour does not ap-

pear very striking; and, though it has found admirers, the author himself refused it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr. Gray, by the loss of his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In the year 1756, some young men, who lived in the same stair-case, and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, disturbing him frequently and intentionally with their insults and riots, he found it necessary to remove from Peterhouse, and went to Pembroke-

hall. In the year 1768, by the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a place of 400 l. a year.

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He also left many explanatory and critical observations on the writings of Plato; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on

the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more interesting than any of these, was, A History of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr. Wharton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a similar purfuit.

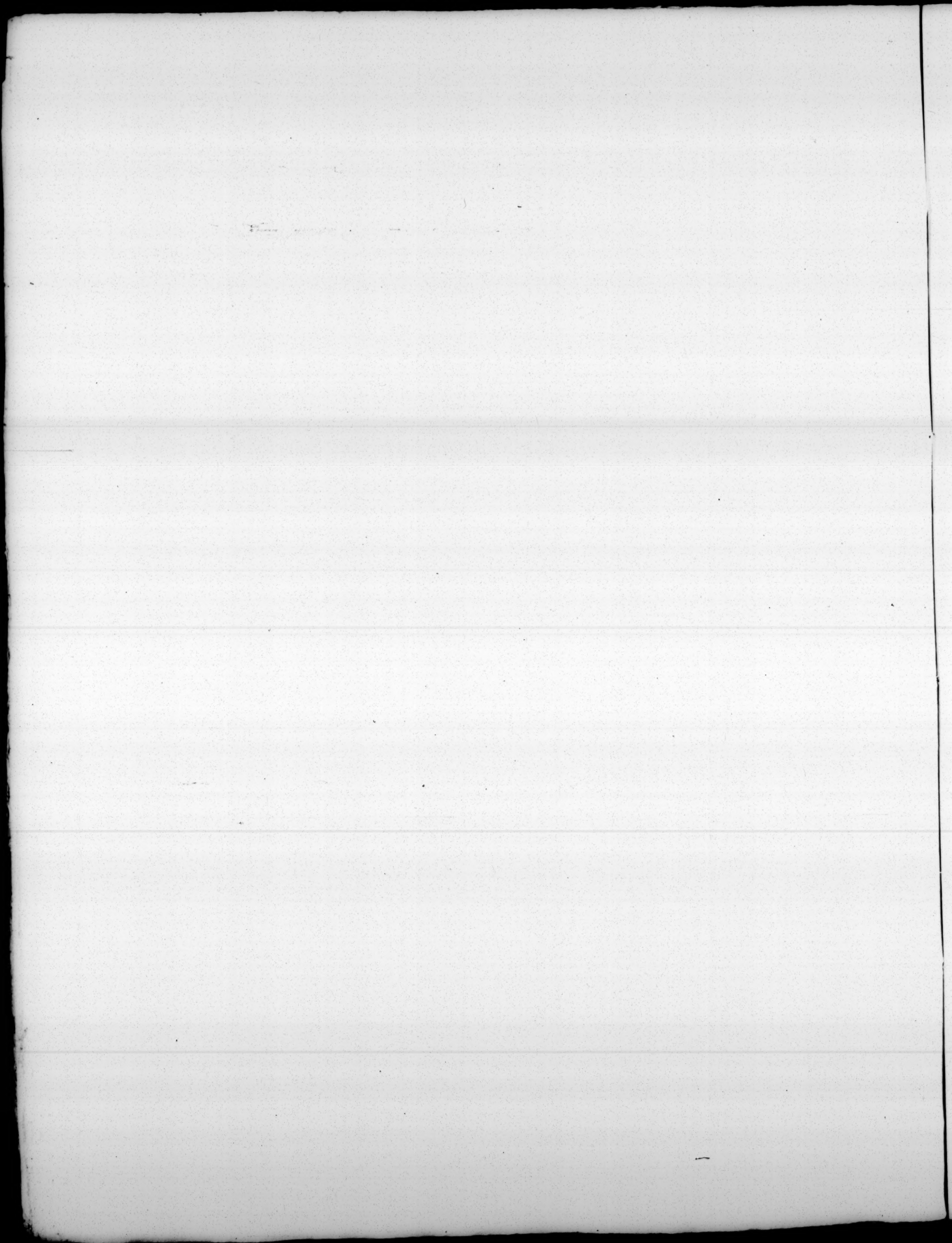
Among the branches of knowledge in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his skill in Heraldry was exact and extensive. But what was most peculiarly to his taste, and engaged his

attention, the most constantly, was Natural History. He left many notes on Linnaeus, and on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he studied Aristotle on that subject, and explained many of the obscure passages of that distinguished Antient. Music he knew most exquisitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a skill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with success.

A propensity to melancholy, the constant attendant on genius,

was observable in Mr. Gray, from his earliest years; and an hereditary gout served to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a visit to London; but being oppressed with feverishness, and dejection of mind, he was advised to leave his lodgings in Jermyn-Street for Kensington; where a freer air so far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a sudden sickness, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the

gout in his stomach, continued to increase, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th, a strong convulsion fit seized him; it returned with additional violence on the 30th; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated scholar, ceased to adorn England and human nature.



THE
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT
OF
MR. THOMAS GRAY.
RETRACTED FROM
The REGISTRY of the PREROGATIVE
COURT of CANTERBURY.

In the Name of God! *Amen!* I THOMAS GRAY, of Pembroke-hall, in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, Do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following: First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church yard of Stoke-Pogeis.

near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, near her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my Executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish as he thinks fit, the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next I give to George Williamson, Esq; my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds Reduced Bank Annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by

the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth, perfumer; provided that she pay out of the said-rent, by half-yearly payments, to Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of Twenty pounds per ann. during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, To Have and To Hold, to her, her heirs and assigns for ever. Further I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds, New South-Sea Annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds per ann. to Graves Stokeley, of Stoke Pogeis,

in the county of Bucks: which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anne Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me; together with all overplus of interest in the mean time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds, Old South-Sea Annuities; of three hundred pounds, Four per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; and of two hundred pounds Three per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq; one of his Majesty's Commissioners

of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the bishopric of Durham, five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities, and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen, and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend William Mason, Pre-

centor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion: And after my just debts and the expences of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason and to the Rev. Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them; desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity, concerning which I have already informed them: and I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my last will and testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest, or commence any suit

against, my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of July, 1770.

THOMAS GRAY.

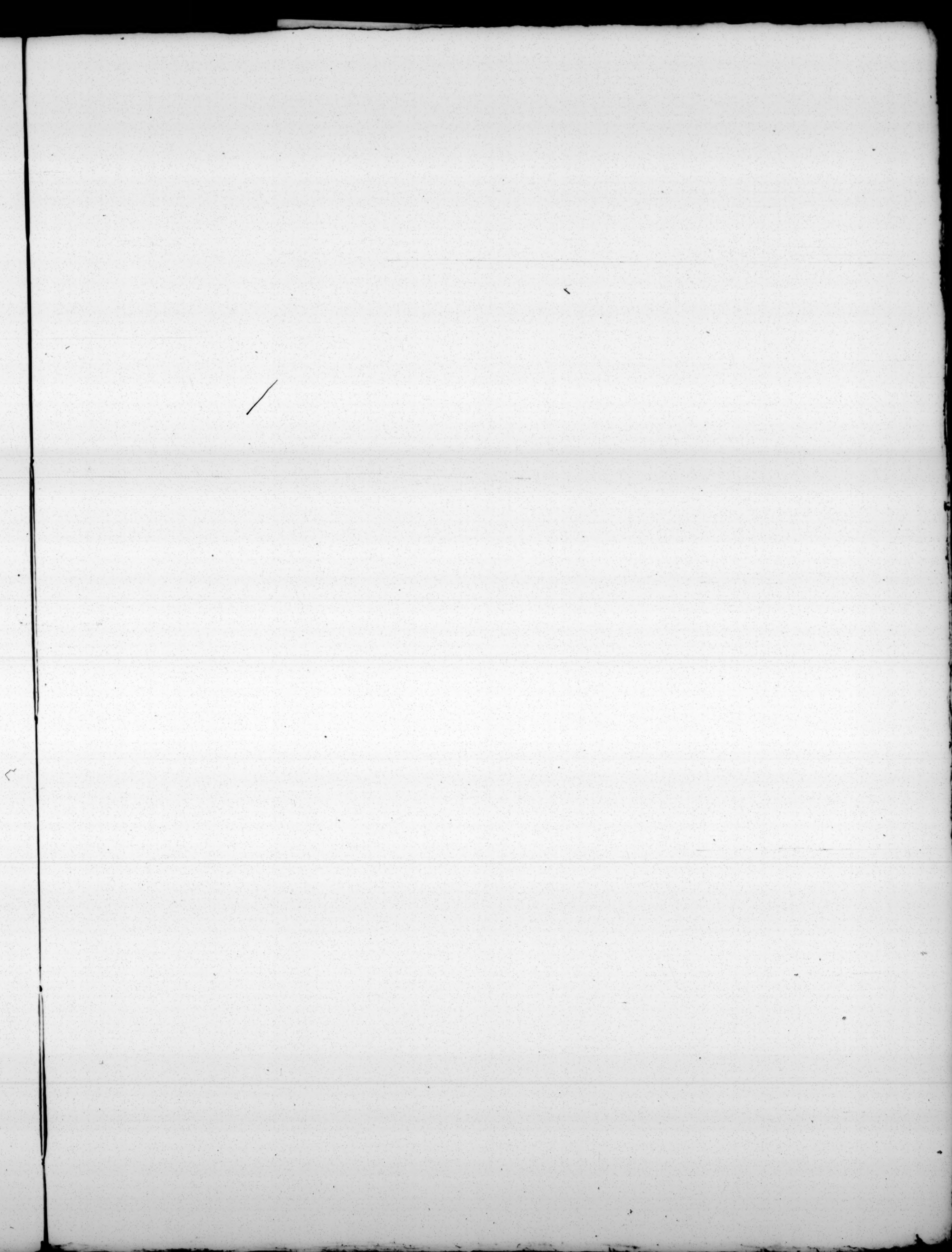
Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as, and for, his last will and testament, in the presence of us; who in his pre-

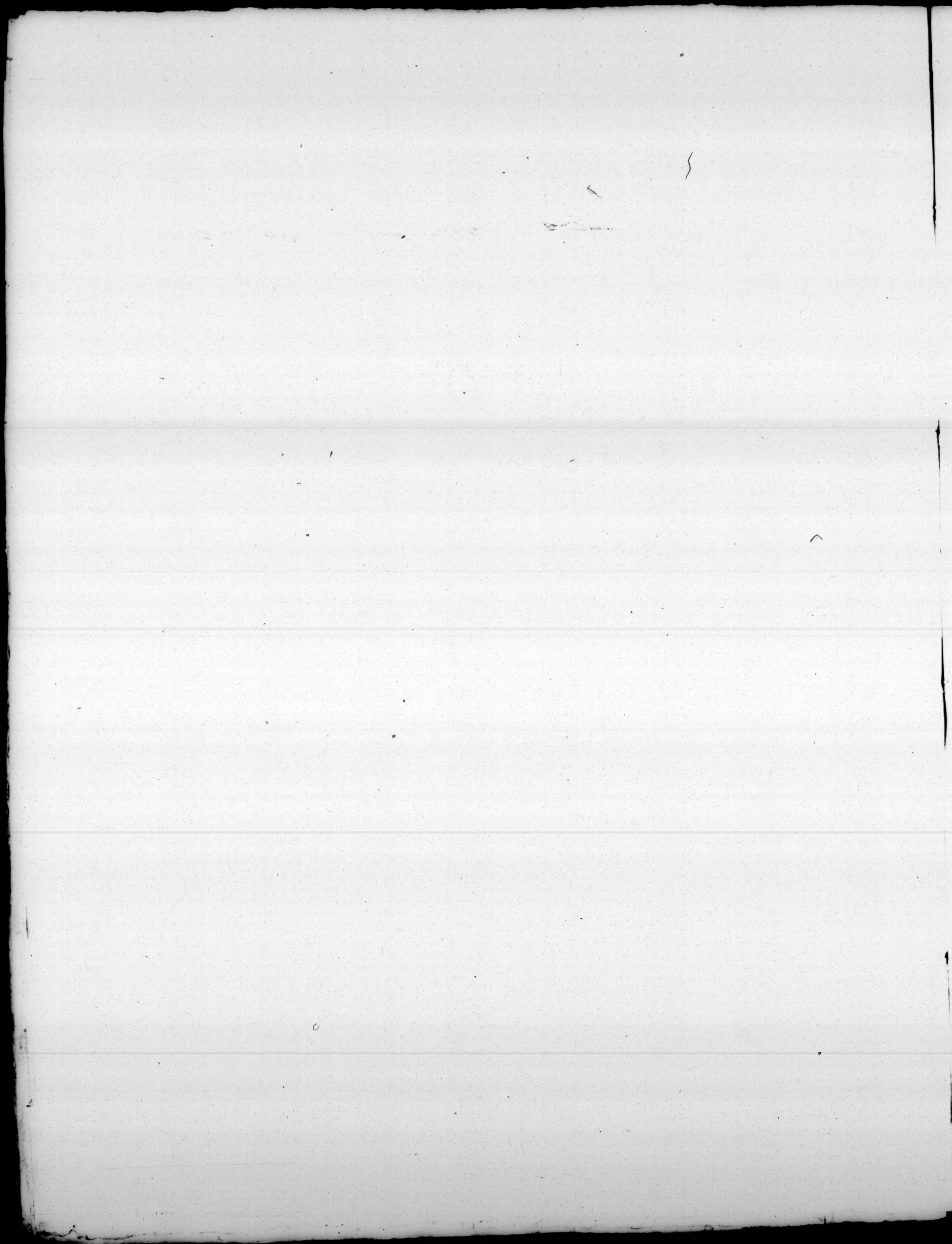
sence, and at his request, and
in the presence of each other,
have signed our names as wit-
nesses hereto,

RICHARD BAKER,
THOMAS WILSON,
JOSEPH TURNER.

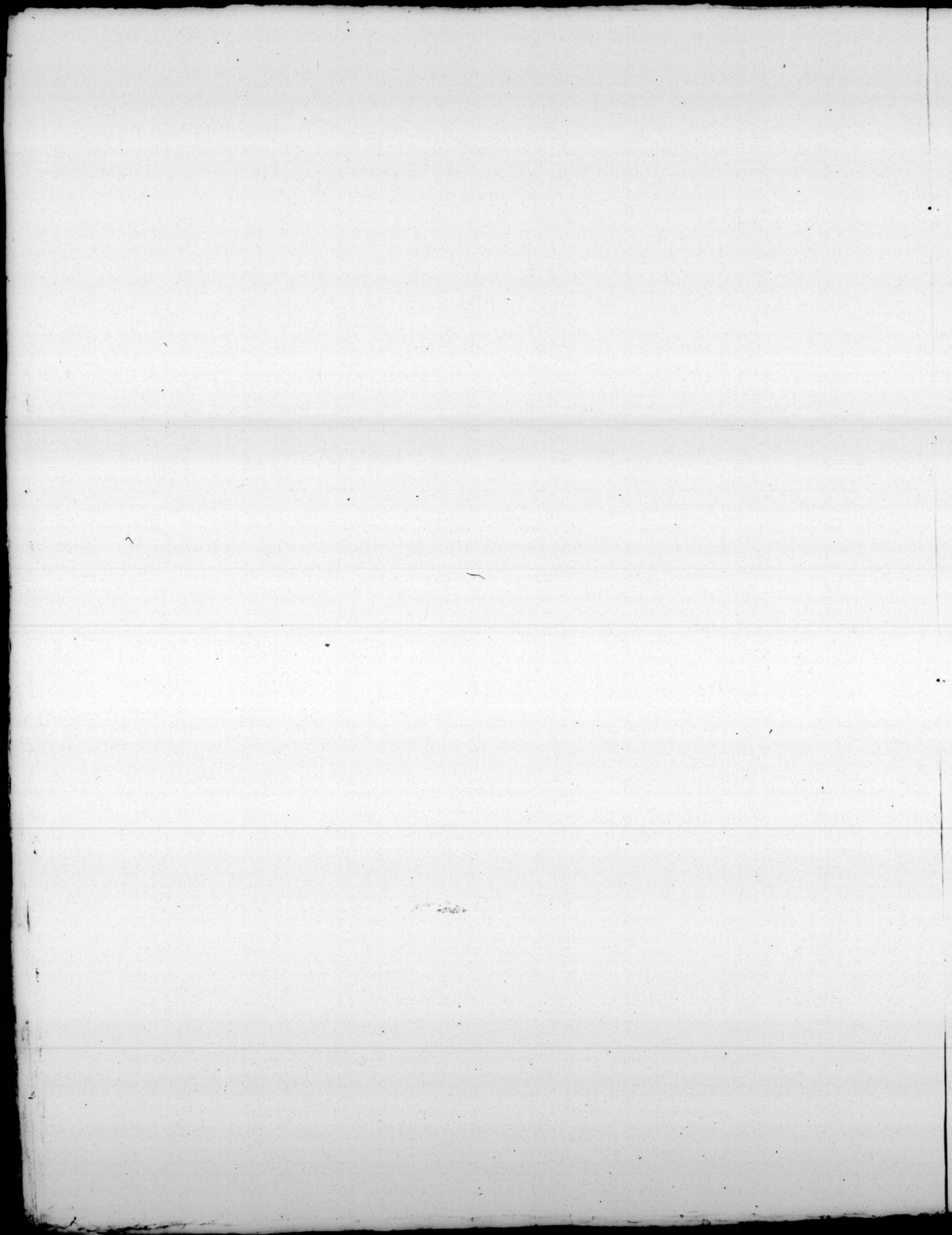
Proved at London the twelfth of Au-
gust, 1771, before the Worshipful And-
rew Coltre Ducarel, Doctor of Laws, and
Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend
William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts,
and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk,
Master of Arts, the executors; to whom
administration was granted, having been
first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS,	}	Deputy Registers.
HENRY STEVENS,		
GEO. GOSTLING, jun.		





ODE
ON THE
SPRING.



ODE
ON THE
SPRING.

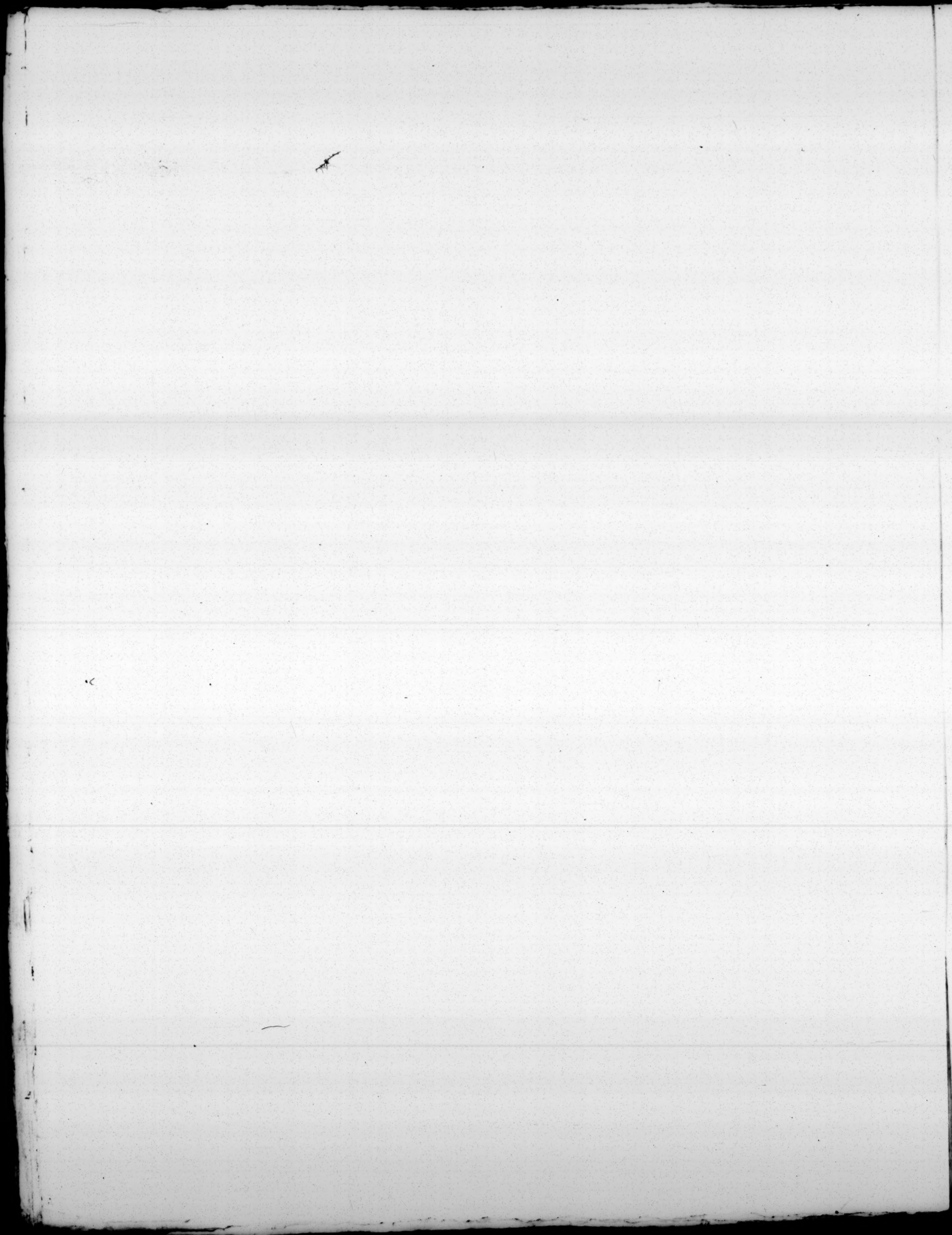
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud.
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance.
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.



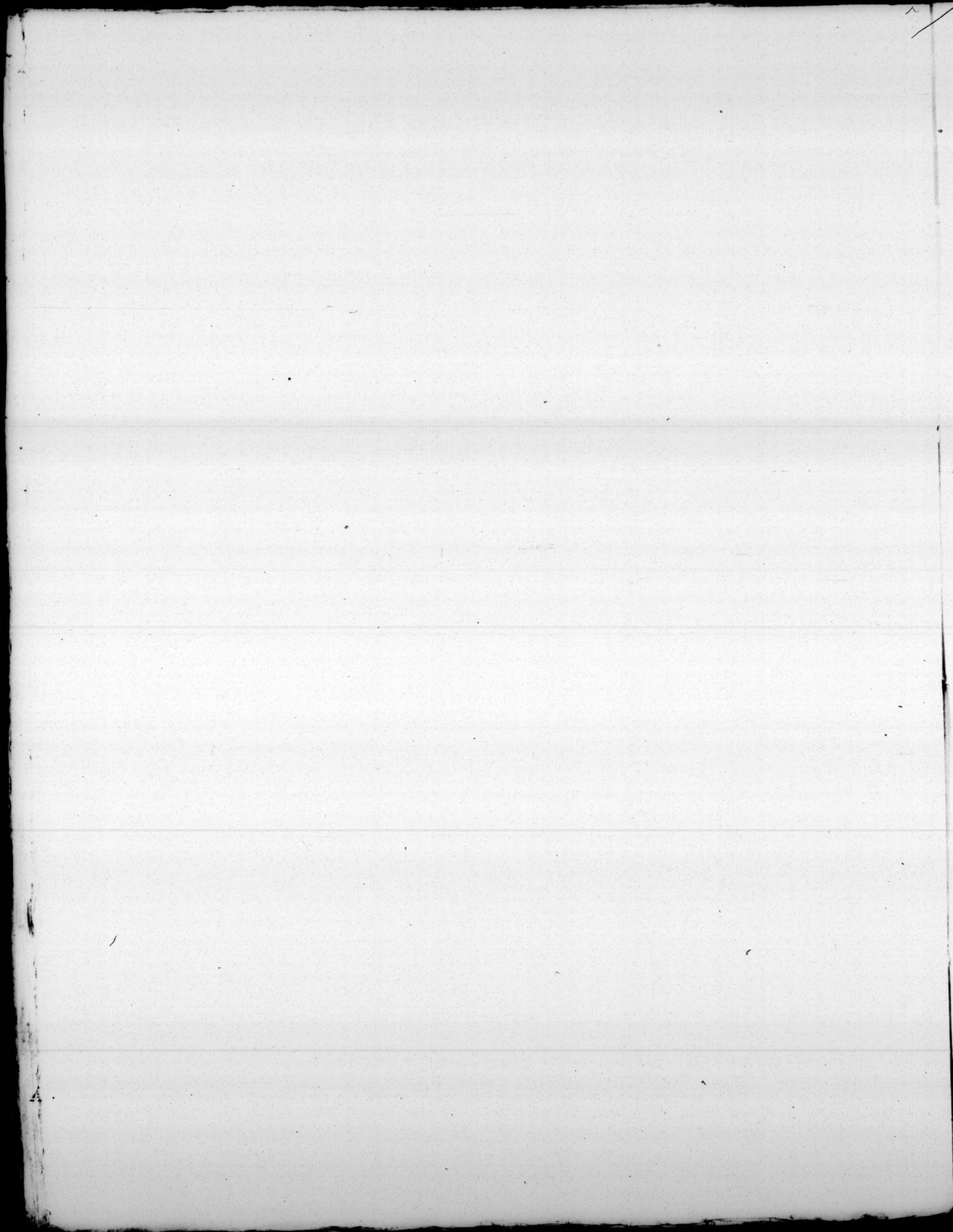
ODE

ON THE DEATH

OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



O D E
ON THE DEATH
OF A
FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow:
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

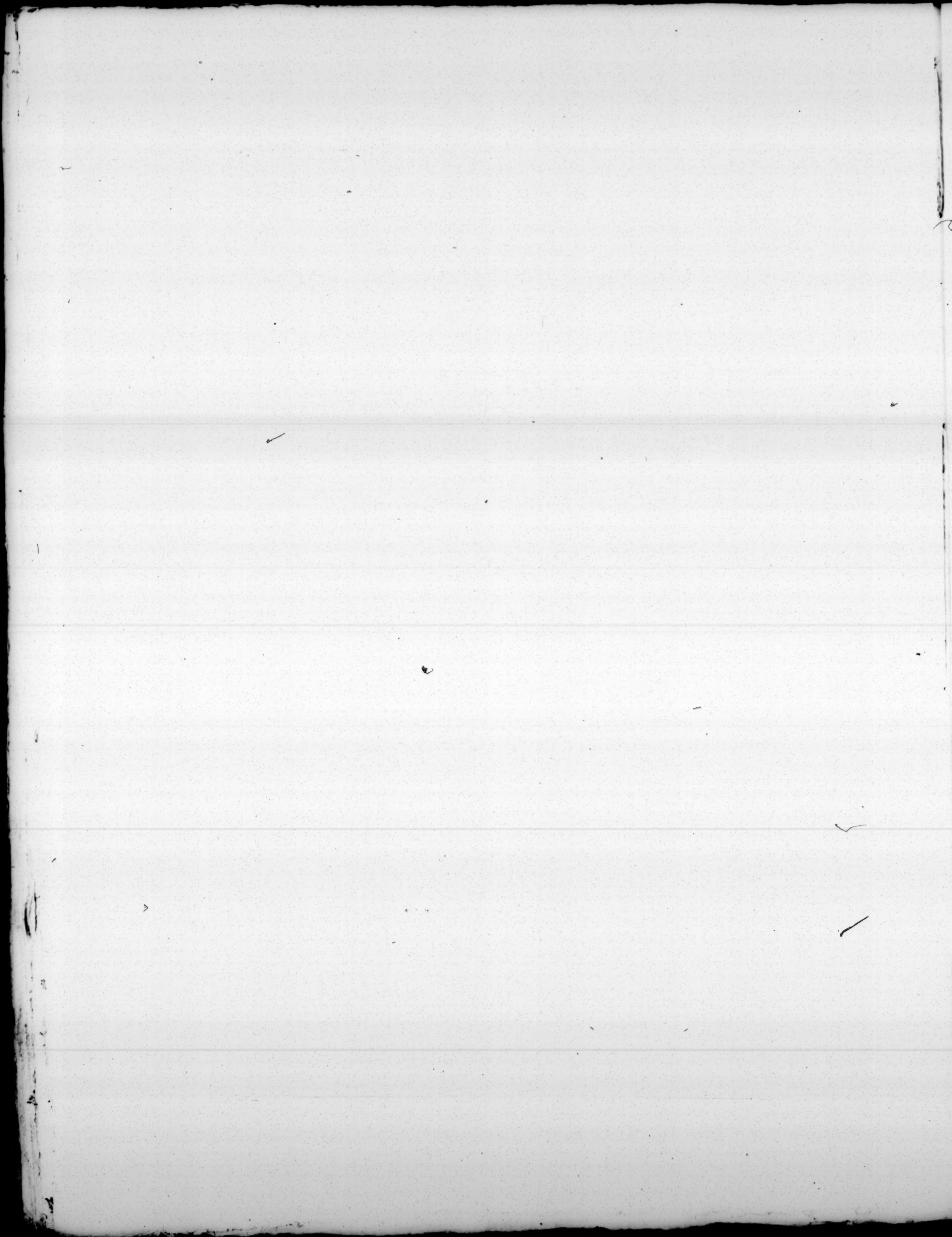
Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulph between:
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd.
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd.
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
 Nor all that glisters, gold.



ODE
ON A
DISTANT PROSPECT
OF
ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἄνθρωπος ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν"
MENANDER.

O D E
ON A DISTANT PROSPECT
OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth.
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthal?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th'approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate.
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

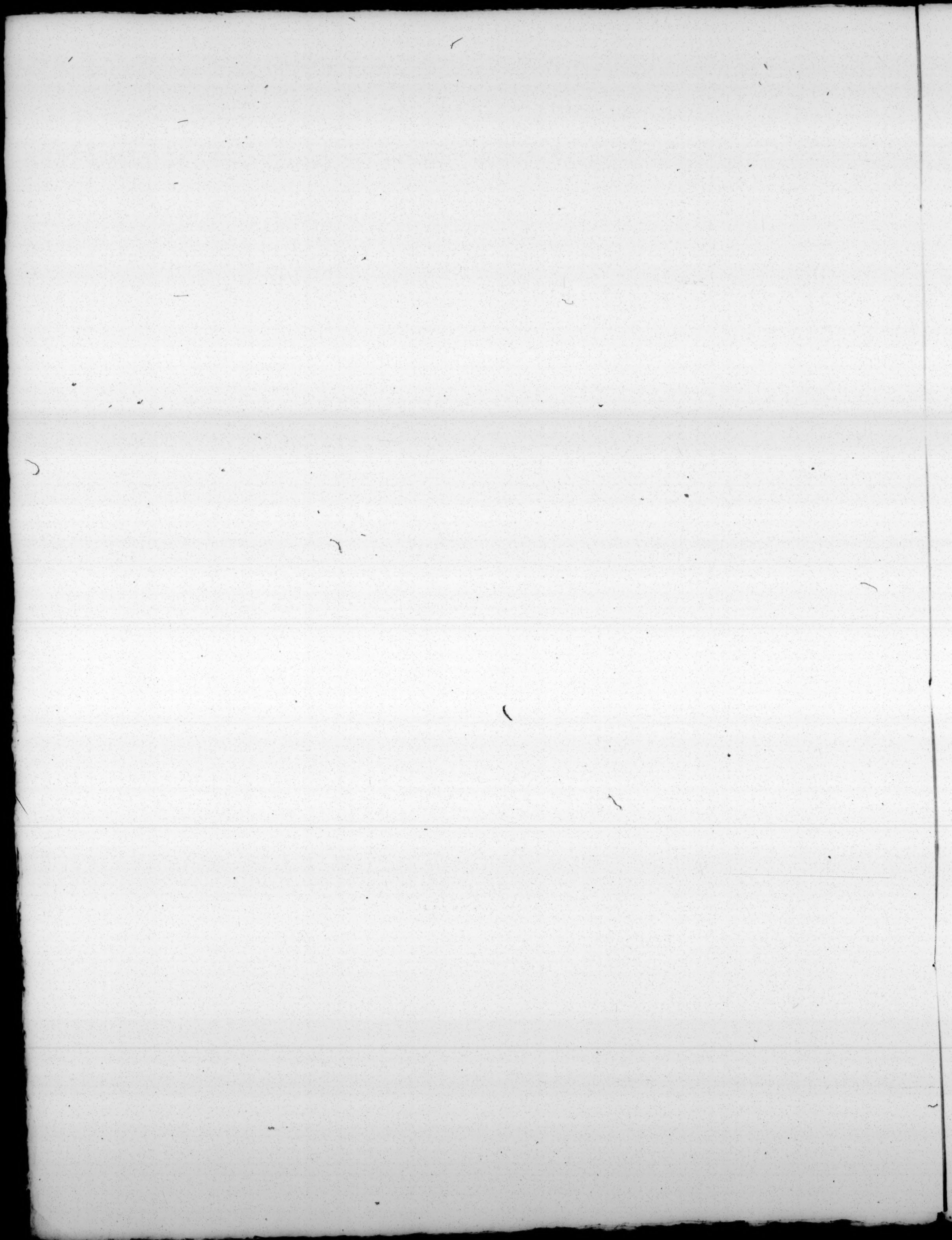
These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan; and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high.
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd.
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand.
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain;
Th'unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

A
LONG STORY.



A
LONG STORY.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing.
Rich windows, that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls:
The Seals and Maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe! —
Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A House there is, (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—tt
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet:

Who prowld the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

A LONG STORY.

37

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (Who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phoebus he perferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sat, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(*Styack* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry;

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peeress comes. The Audience stare.
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of *Squib*,
And all that *Groom* could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor *Macleane*.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
• How in the Park beneath an old tree,
• (Without design to hurt the butter,
• Or any malice to the poultry,)

• He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
• Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon:
• Numbers would give their oaths upon it.
• He ne'er was for a conjurer taken.

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

• Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
• Why/ what can the Viscountess mean?
(Cried the square Hoods in woeful fidget)
• The times are alter'd quite and clean!

- Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
- Her air and all her manners shew it.
- Commend me to her affability!
- Speak to a Commoner and Poet!

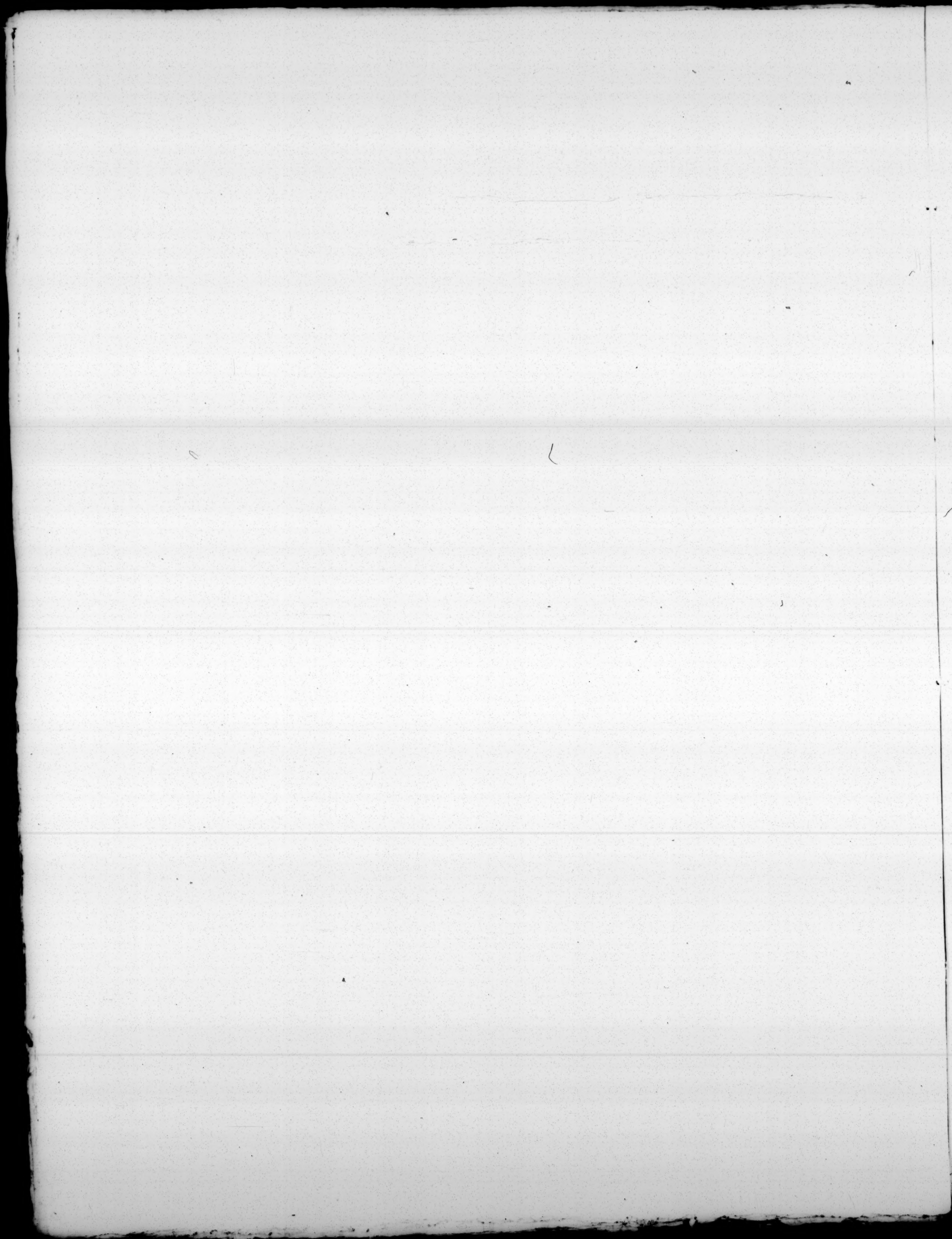
(Here 500 Stanzas are lost)

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

ODE
TO
ADVERSITY.

Λείω
Γόν φρονειν βροτοῖς ὁδω-
σαντα . τὸ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κερως ἔχειν .

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnon*.



O D E
TO
A D V E R S I T Y.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel; and know myself a man.

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

PINDARIC ODE.

Φοιῶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐξ
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαίρει.

PINDAR. *Olymp. II.*

*When the author first published this
and the following ode, he was advised,
even by his friends, to subjoin some few
explanatory notes; but had too much
respect for the understanding of his readers
to take that liberty.*

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.
A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

6

II. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day

With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare.
Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air.
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry.
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th'unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th'Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-en circled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th'abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE
BARD.
A
PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

THE
BARD.
A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state!
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay.

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
‣ Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
‣ Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
‣ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
‣ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
‣ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
‣ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

- Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
- That hush'd the stormy main:
- Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
- Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- Modred, whose magic song
- Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
- On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
- Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
- Far, far aloof th'affrighted ravens sail;
- The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
- Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
- No more I weep; They do not sleep;
- On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
- I see them sit, they linger yet,
- Avengers of their native land:
- With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

- ” Weave the warp, and weaye the woof;
- ” The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
- ” Give ample room, and verge enough
- ” The characters of hell to trace.
- ” Mark the year, and mark the night,
- ” When Severn shall re-echo with affright
- ” The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring.
- ” Shrieks of an agonizing King!
- ” She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
- ” That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
- ” From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
- ” The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait
- ” Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,
- ” And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II 2.

- „ Mighty Victor. mighty Lord,
- „ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
- „ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
- „ A tear to grace his obsequies.
- „ Is the sable warrior fled?
- „ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
- „ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
- „ Gone to salute the rising Morn.
- „ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows.
- „ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
- „ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
- „ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
- „ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway
- „ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

- " Fill high the sparkling bowl,
- " The rich repast prepare,
- " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
- " Close by the regal chair
- " Fell thirst and famine scowl
- " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
- " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
- " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
- " Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
- " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
- " Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
- " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
- " Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
- " And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
- " Above, below, the rose of snow,
- " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
- " The bristled boar in infant gore
- " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

„ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th'accursed loom
„ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
„ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
„ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
„ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
„ (The web is wove. The work is done)“
„ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
„ Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn.
„ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
„ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
„ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
„ Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
„ Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
„ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
„ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
„ All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

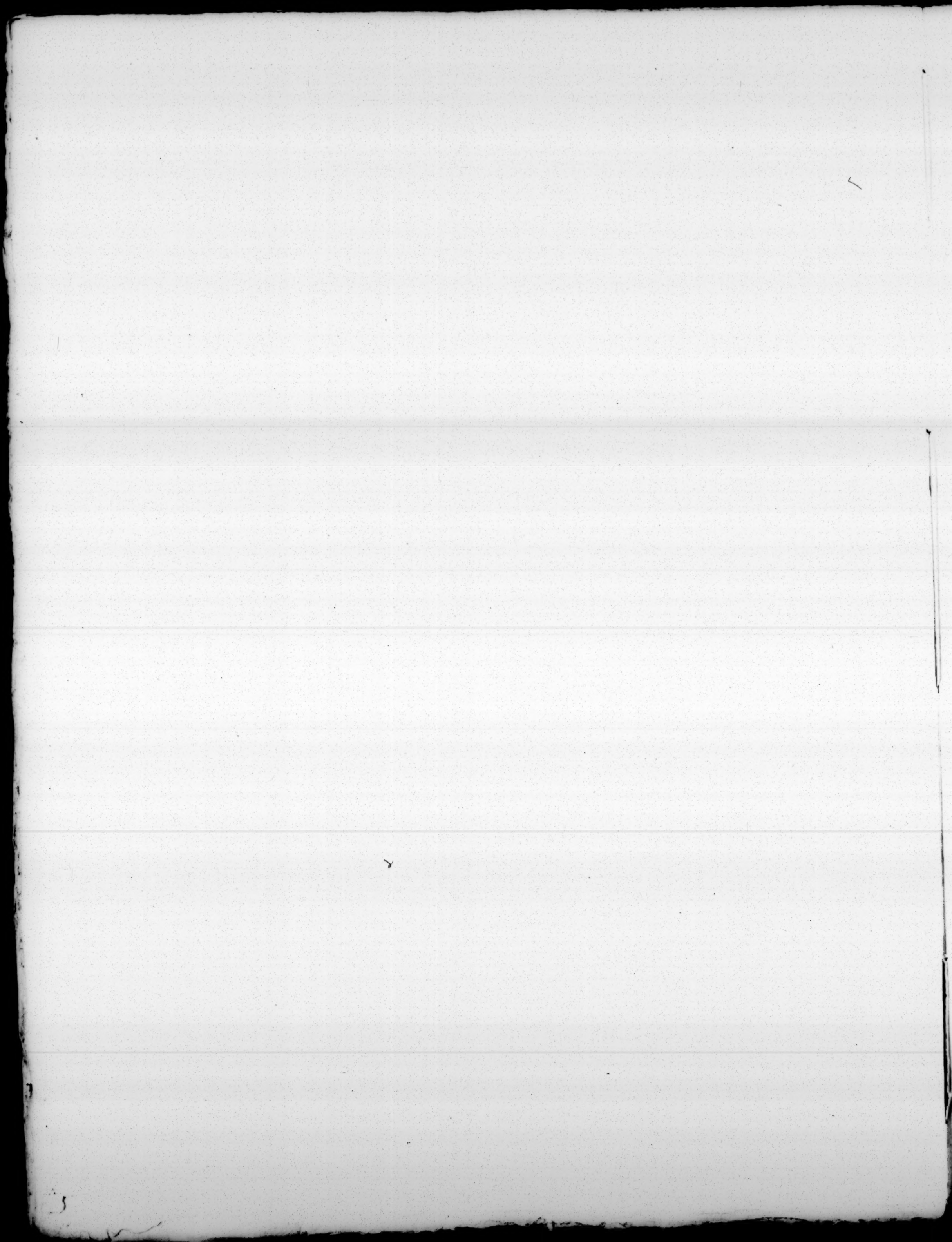
III. 2.

- Girt with many a Baron bold
- Sublime their starry fronts they rear:
- And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
- In bearded majesty, appear.
- In the midst a form divine!
- Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
- Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
- Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
- What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
- What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
- They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

- The verse adorn again
- Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
- In buskin'd measures move
- Pale Grief, and pleasing pain,
- With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
- Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- That lost in long futurity expire.
- Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine cloud,
- Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
- To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
- And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
- Enough for me: with joy I see
- The different doom our fates assign.
- Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
- To triumph, and to die, are mine. •

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.



THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

*To be found in the ORCADES of THERMODUS
TORFAEUS; HAFNIAE, 1697, Folio; and
also in BARTHOLINUS.*

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, etc.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving A History of English Poetry: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island; and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterwards dropped his design; especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

P R E F A C E.

In the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg* with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Cuithness* in Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed

towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till looking through an opening in the rocks, the saw welve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below .
Each a gasping warrior's head .

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda*, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory .

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Condula, and *Geira*, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

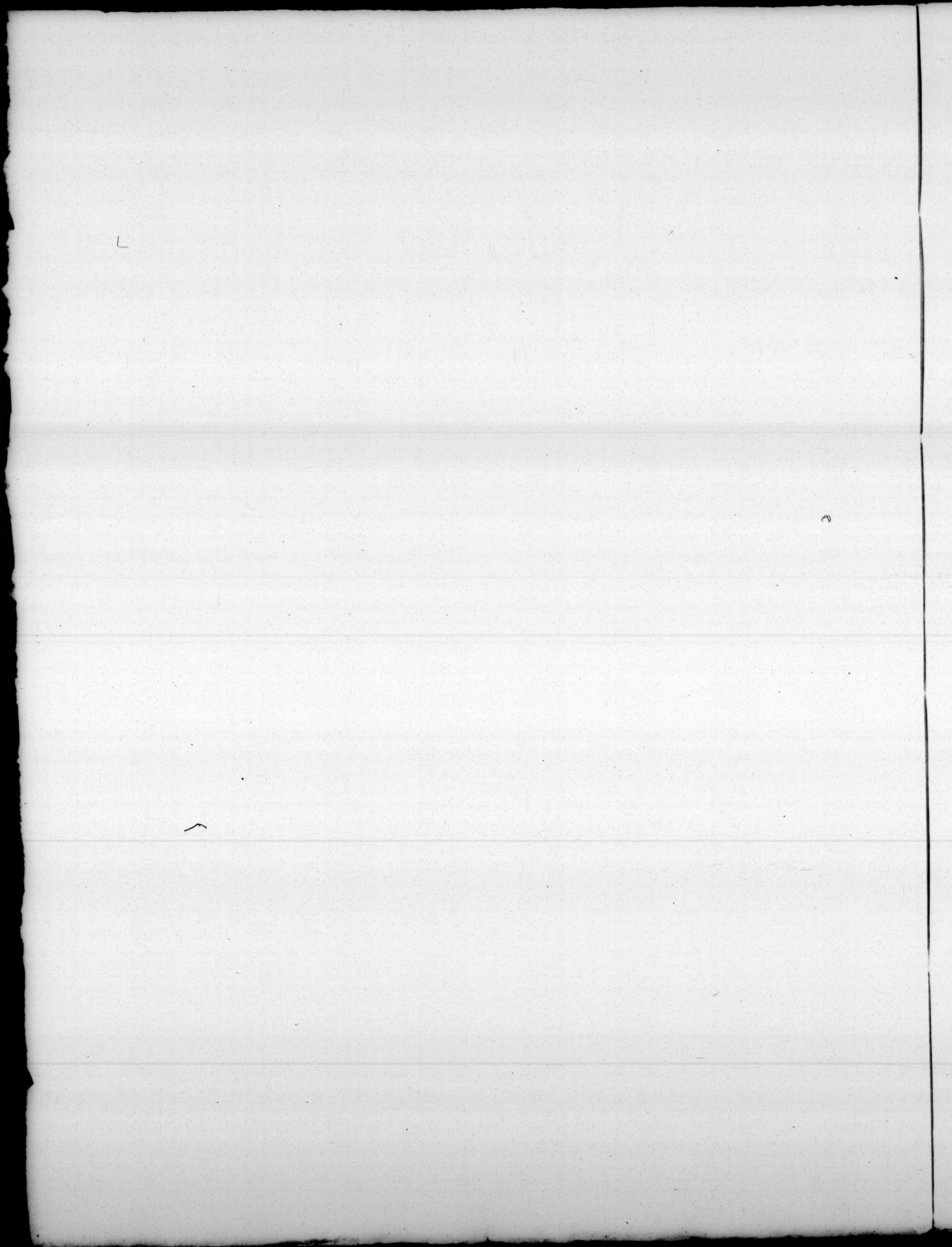
Long his loss shall Eirin weep.
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep.
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease: The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale.
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thundering faulchion wield:
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

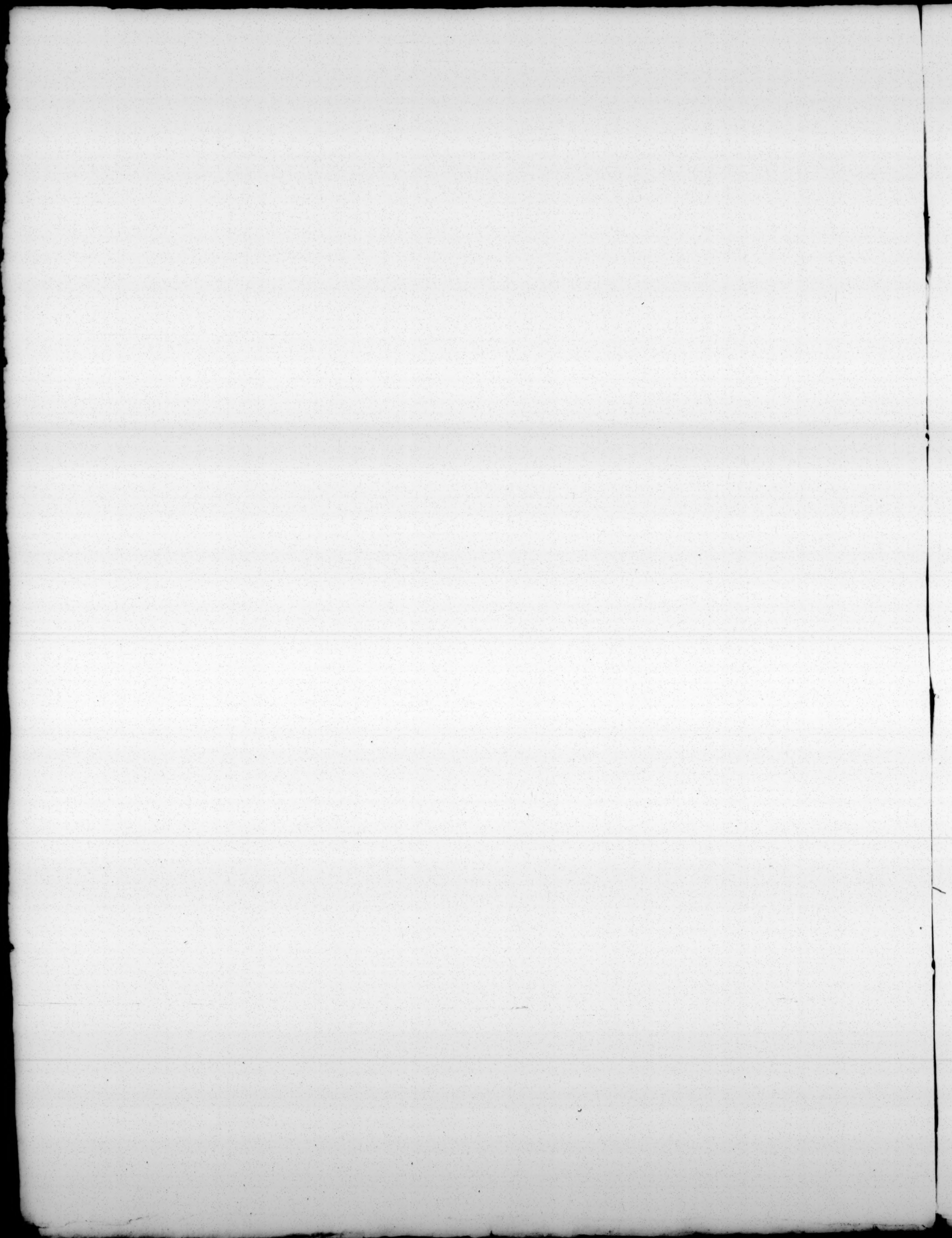


THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.
AN ODE.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

*To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis
contemnendae mortis; HAFNIAE, 1689, 4.^o*

UPREIS ODDIN ALLDA GAUTR, etc.



THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E.

Uprose the King of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed.
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to HELA's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O D I N .

A wraveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

P R O P H E T E S S .

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.

Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In *Hoder's* hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey:
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

P R O P H E T E S S .

In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous boy shall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N .

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her antient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS'S Specimen of Welsh Poetry;
LONDON, 1764, 4.^o

ADVERTISEMENT.

*OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in
the principality of NORTH WALES, A. D.
1120. This battle was fought near forty
years afterwards.*

THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

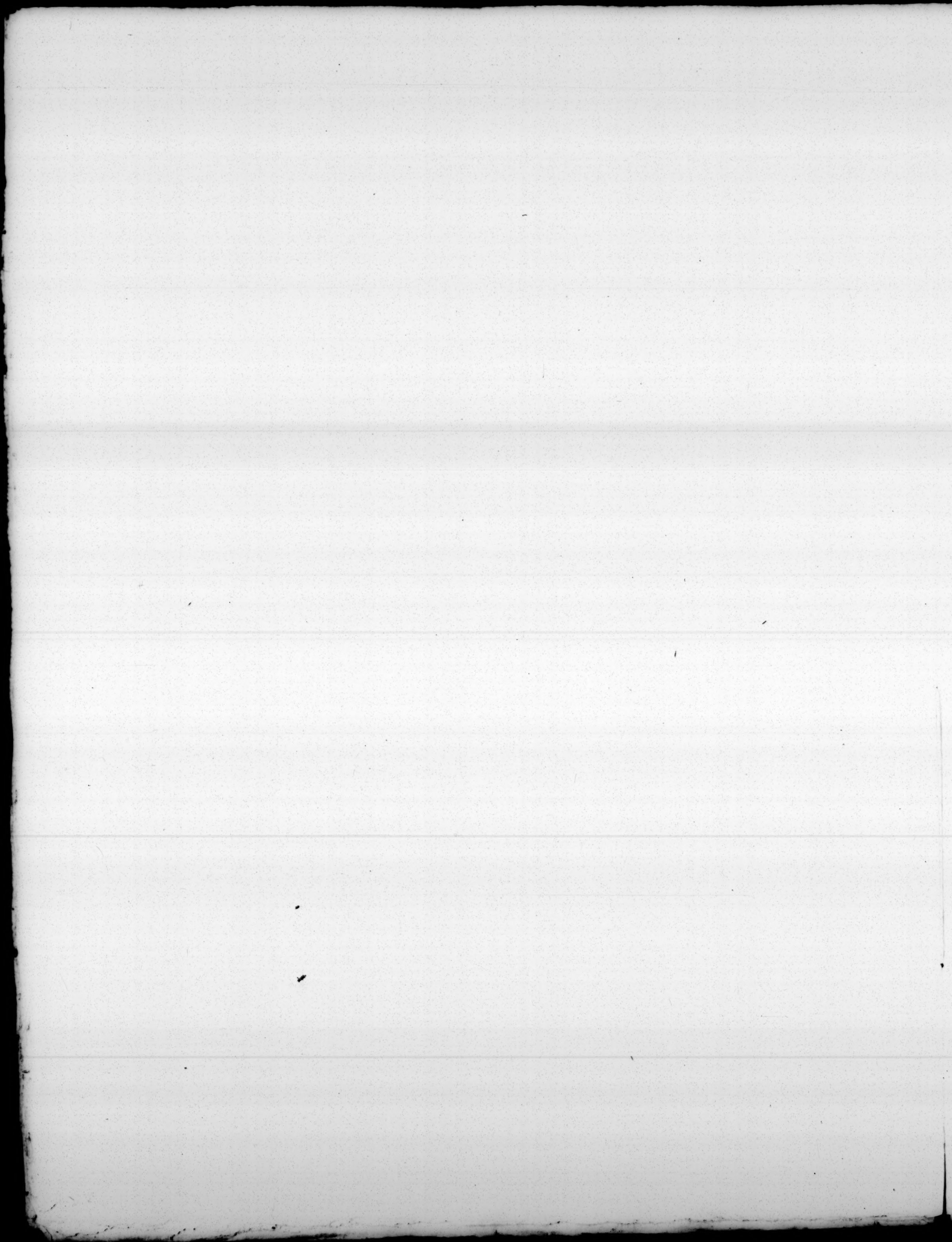
OWEN's praise demands my song.
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem,
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came:
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding.
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din:
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.

Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honourable Death.

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ODE FOR MUSIC.

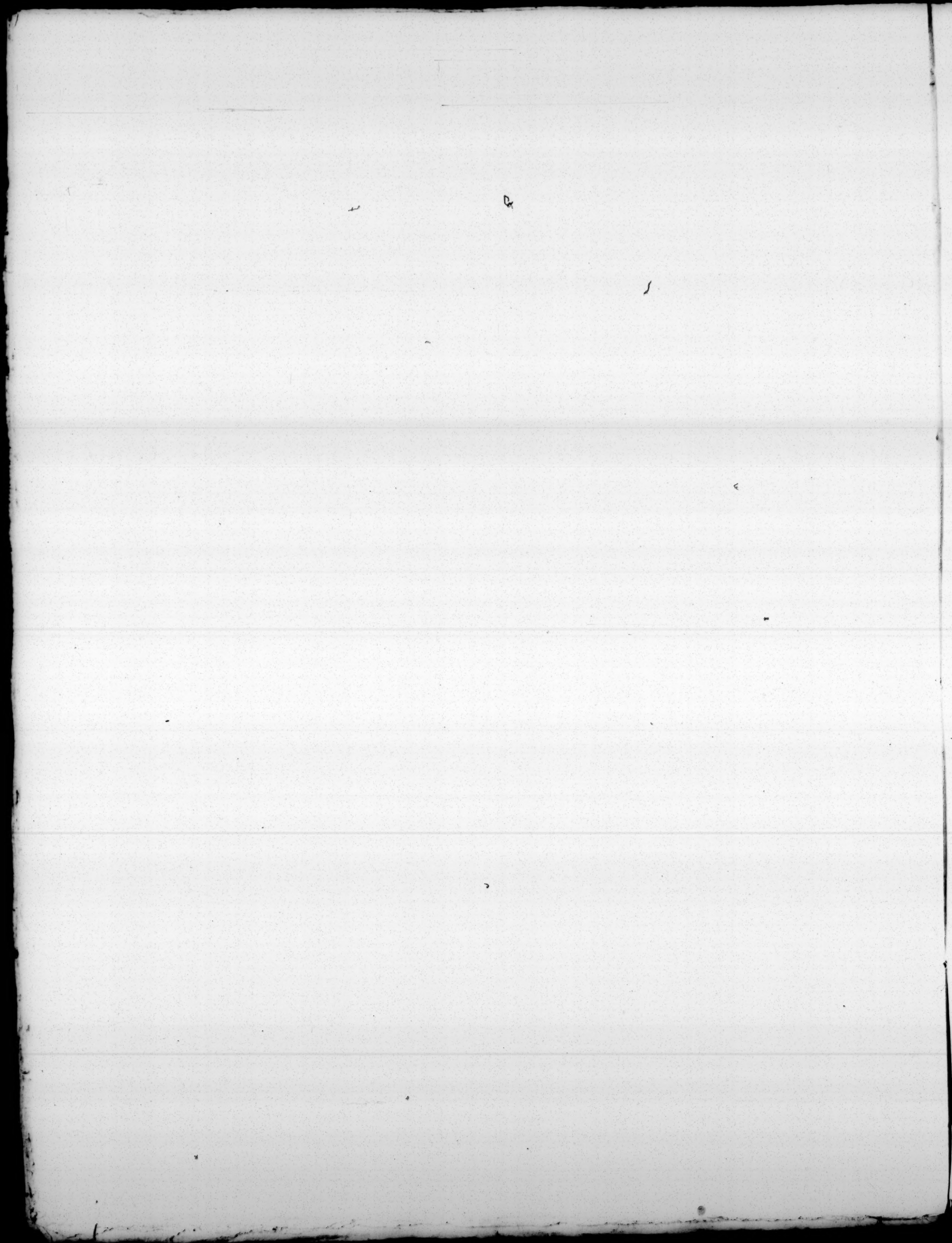
PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE

AT

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1, 1769.

At the INSTALLATION of his Grace
AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY, Duke of
GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR of the University.



ODE FOR MUSIC.

IRREGULAR

I.

” Hence, avaunt, (’tis holy ground)
” Comus, and his midnight-crew,
” And Ignorance with looks profound,
” And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
” Mad Sedition’s cry profane,
” Servitude that hugs her chain,
” Nor in these consecrated bowers
” Let painted Flatt’ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.
” Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
” Dare the Muse’s walk to stain,
” While bright-eyed Science watches round:
” Hence, away, ’tis holy ground! ”

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th'indignant lay:
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head; and listens to the rhyme.

III.

„ Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
„ That Contemplation loves,
„ Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,

„ Oft at the blush of dawn
„ I trod your level lawn,
„ Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
„ In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
„ With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And had these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come,
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

V.

- „ What is Grandeur, what is Power ?
- „ Heavier toil, superior pain.
- „ What the bright reward we gain ?
- „ The grateful memory of the Good.
- „ Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
- „ The bee's collected treasures sweet,
- „ Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
- „ The still small voice of Gratitude. „

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!

- ” Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
- ” To this, thy kindred train, and me:
- ” Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
- ” A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
- ” Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
- ” The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
- ” And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
- ” The fragrance of its blushing head:
- ” Shall raise from earth the latent gem
- ” To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

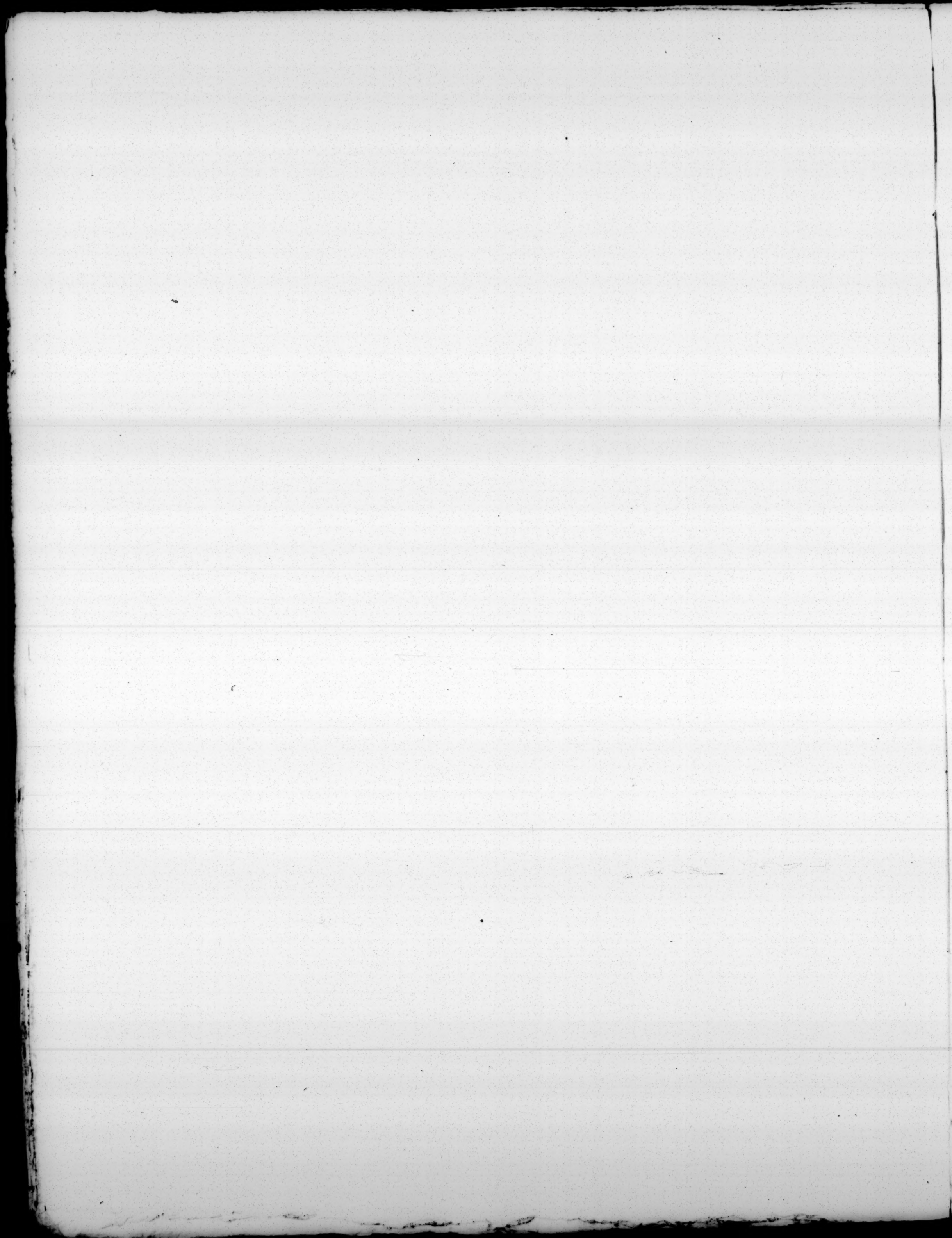
- ” Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
- ” Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
- ” No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;

- ” Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d
” Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
” She reveres herself and thee.
” With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
” The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
” And to thy just, thy gentle hand
” Submits the Fasces of her sway,
” While Spirits blest above and Men below
” Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

- ” Thro’ the wild waves as they roar
” With watchful eye and dauntless mien
” Thy steady course of honour keep,
” Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
” The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
” And gilds the horrors of the deep. ”
-

EPITAPH.



EPITAPH

ON

MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

ELEGY

WRITTEN

IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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E L E G Y
WRITTEN
IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.



Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air:

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Hap'ly some hoary-headed swain may say,
• Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
• Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
• To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

• There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
• That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
• His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch.
• And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

• Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
• Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
• Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
• Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

• One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
• Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree,
• Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
• Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

• The next, with dirges due in sad array
• Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne,
• Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
• Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn. •

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



